THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

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THE

RECLUSES OF SNOWDEN.

A TALE.

(Continued.)

AFTER having paced the room in the greatest agitation, Melville at length resolved that Mr. Owen should write, and invite Theodocius's father down, without mentioning the name of the gentleman at whose house the unfortunate young man was so hospitably entertained. Near ten days elapsed before Mr. Owen received an answer, the purport of which was, to say that the writer was confined to his bed, and concluded with begging the Almighty to shower down blessings upon the being who had fostered his son.

Previous to the discovery which William had made of his master's family, Louisa had officiated as the sick man's nurse; but from that moment she received positive orders never to enter the room. The astonished Louisa, upon hearing the mandate, requested to be made acquainted with the cause. "I have my reasons," replied Melville, in an unusual tone of authority, "and I expect to be implicitly obeyed."

The prohibition was strictly attended to, yet a visible dejection marked Louisa's expressive face; which Melville perceiving, reproached himself as being the cause of, and, by an increased tenderness of manner, endeavoured to disperse the gloom.

As I have distinguished the hero of my narrative by the assumed name of Melville, I shall call the father of Theodocius by the borrowed one of Darnley, and inform my readers, that though Louisa knew her father's fortune, and peace of mind had been injured by the treacherous conduct of some person in whom he had confided, yet the name of this pretended friend she had never heard. Melville, therefore, resolved to unbosom himself to her, and explain the motive which had induced him to repress her humane cares; though at first he jocosely said, he forbade her from entering the apartment, lest the handsome person of Theodocius shou[ld]

make an impression upon her heart. Inspired with equal confidence by this mark of parental affection, Louisa completely quieted her father's fears, by assuring him it was impossible for her ever to form an attachment that he did not sanction and approve: "but deprive me not, I conjure you," said she, "of the pleasure I derive from displaying humanity; and allow me to shew that civility to Theodocius which he has a right to expect from the mistress of this house."

"On your guarded prudence then, I rely," replied Melville, taking his daughter affectionately by the hand, and conducting her to the chamber of Theodocius, whose intellectual faculties were perfectly restored, and who, within the last three days, had appeared rapidly to mend. Of Louisa's attention to him, at the commencement of his illness, he would have been ignorant, had not William circumstantially related the thousand instances of her humanity and care; and from the moment of his faculties being restored to him, he had impatiently longed to behold his sympathising nurse.

"Is she fair?—is she tall?—is she interesting?—is she handsome?" were enquiries repeatedly made by the invalid; but the answer regularly made, was, "Sir, she is a perfect angel—why, Lord bless ye, there is music in the very sound of her voice!"

Though Theodocius could with difficulty avoid smiling at his servant's description, yet it certainly exalted his curiosity to the highest pitch; though he sometimes could not avoid condemning his own folly, in feeling so much impatience to behold a country girl. "She may be pretty," he would say, "but bred up in retirement it is impossible that her manners can be polished or refined. Her mother, it is true, might have been an elegant woman; but she lost her before the force of example could improve."

In reflexions of this nature was Theodocius indulging, when his hospitable entertainer opened the door, leading in the blooming Louisa, and conducting her towards the bed: "My daughter," said he, "Mr. Darnley, wished to offer her congratulations upon the improved state of your health; and, as conductress of my small establishment, to say she hopes the servants have gratified, and even endeavoured to anticipate your wants."

Louisa, without re-echoing her father's expressions, coincided with him in the same hope; but her voice, her gesture, and the angelic sweetness of her countenance, communicated to the heart of Theodocius an emotion which for some moments deprived him of the power of speech.

"I have a want, it is true, my dear Sir," he replied, recovering

himself, "but it is the want of language to describe the grateful sentiments which I feel. To your sympathising kindness," continued he, "Miss Melville, I owe my existence; William has informed me that, but for your benevolent interposition, I must have lost my life. You were a guardian angel, delegated by heaven, to snatch me from the jaws of death. Let your own heart, then, judge of the sensations I must experience at beholding my deliverer; and at beholding in her every charm that can adorn the sex."

"Stop, my good Sir," exclaimed Melville, laying his hand gently before the invalid's lips, "or my daughter will fly from you with precipitation, under the apprehension the fall has injured your head."

"Oh! in mercy do not leave me! said the alarmed Theodocius, attempting to catch the drapery of Louisa's gown, "Surely, my dear Sir, I may be permitted to pour forth those acknowledgments which an obligation of so exalted a nature must inspire in the most callous breast."

"I entreat you not to mention the term obligation," rejoined Louisa; "I witnessed the unfortunate accident, and reported it to your man; and surely this was merely an act of common humanity, unentitled to the slightest praise."

"It was the act of a guardian angel! but I will be silent;" said Theodocius, perceiving a gathering cloud overspread Melville's face; "to you, Sir, I have repeatedly endeavoured feebly to describe those grateful emotions which such unprecedented marks of hospitality as I have met with, naturally must inspire; yet, as I perceive the theme is unpleasant to you, I will in future merely treasure the remembrance of them within my breast."

"On these conditions, and these only," replied Melville, "will I consent that my daughter shall occasionly visit you; for we are so simple and un efined in our manners, that we are incapable of comprehending the studied form of expression, which unmeaningly passes in the polished world."

"For heaven's sake, my dear Sir, do me not so much injustice, as to suppose my expressions do not correspond with the feelings of my heart," exclaimed Theodocius, exalting his natural tone of voice. The entrance of a servant with a letter, which he said had been brought by a special messenger, terminated a conversation which had excited in the breast of the too susceptible Louisa, a mixture of astonishment and concern; for there was [illegible]sperity in the tone of her father's voice, so foreign to his general manner, that she could not help fearing the invalid must construe it into a premeditated affront.

Having silently glanced his eye over the superscription, Melville eagerly tore open the letter, without even the usual form of an apology; then hastily pacing the room with a visible agitation, he hurried out of it, without articulating a single word. Louisa's countenance betrayed a thousand apprehensions. Theodocius found himself deprived of the power of speech; but at length, regaining a degree of composure, he expressed his fears that her father had received some unpleasant news. A summons from her father prevented her from replying; and though the signal was instantly obeyed, he demanded "why she had not followed him the moment he left the room?"

Louisa's spirits were unprepared for the severity of accent in which this inquiry was made; and, without making any answer to it, she burst into a flood of tears.

"Pardon, I conjure you, the effect of tortured feelings!" said Melville, tenderly embracing his dutiful child, "for, oh, my Louisa, could you but read what at this moment is passing in my bosom, you would not only overlook any hasty expression, but sympathize in what I feel!—but time is precious—and I cannot disclose my sorrows. I must instantly quit Wales; my presence is at this moment necessary in London, and in less than a quarter of an hour the horses will be at the gate. I must write a few lines to Mrs. Owen, to request she will be your visitor until my return; for it would be extremely improper that you should remain without a female companion, whilst young Darnley is in the house. And, Louisa," continned he, grasping her hand rather with violence than affection, "remember, that to your prudence and precaution I entrust my future peace; and, unless you wish to drive your father to a state of distraction, you will guard your heart against the insidious artifices of the man whom humanity induced me to receive under my roof: for too plainly do I perceive that he will endeavour to ingratiate himself into your good opinion, and then treacherously betray, abandon, and deceive you. I do not forbid you from entering his apartment; but I charge you, as you value my affection, never to do it unaccompanied by Mrs. Owen."

"The charge is wholly unnecessary, my dear father,' said Louisa, interrupting him, "for surely you cannot think me so lost to propriety and self-respect."—"That was spoken like the daughter of the ill-fated Melville!" he rejoined, emphatically, "ever practise that admonitory lesson—"*Reverence thyself!*"—it contains a volume of instruction; but we must part, my beloved, my adored girl: I cannot now be explicit, but I will be more so when I arrive in town." So saying, he fondly em

braced the object of his affection, whilst the tear of parental tenderness trembled in his eye; and, as he gave her his parting benediction, he desired her not to press Theodocius to remain one day after he was able to bear the fatigue of travelling.

The singular conduct of Melville, his unusual asperity of demeanor, united to his undertaking such an unexpected journey, without explaining the cause; all tended so completely to depress Louisa's spirits, that she retired to her apartment, and yielded to a flood of tears. Wholly unmindful of the time which had elapsed since her father's departure, and of the intention he had expressed of sending for Mrs. Owen, she was roused from her gloomy reflexions by the sound of that lady's voice, enquiring from the servant whether their mistress had walked out.

"This is kind of you, indeed, my dear madam," said Louisa, hastily descending the stairs. Why, my sweet little rose-bud, rejoined the facetious Mrs. Owen, what can have occasioned this decrease of bloom? And, still continuing to view her with a look of sympathy and astonishment, she added, "Although my favourite flower, I perceive, has been recently watered with the nurturing drops of dew.

There was a mixture of natural ignorance, and assumed acquirements in the character of Mrs. Owen, that could not fail to amuse a cultivated mind; and as she was the only female with whom Louisa had any association, the attention she received from her called forth gratitude and esteem; although she could not help smiling at her follies, particularly when she indulged in what she termed her poetic flights. That this votary of the muses was in one of her Apollonian humours, was evident from the style of her address; but Louisa's spirits were in too depressed a state to be amused by it, and she felt the want of some congenial spirit, in whose bosom she could repose her inquietudes and distress. "Whence the melancholy which overshadows that angelic countenance, my dear creature? continued Mrs. Owen, perceiving the tears start unbidden from Louisa's eyes; is it the absence of Mr. Melville that occasions them, or are you still deploring the *Captivating Narcissus'* hapless fall? Well, but seriously, my sweet girl, you must instantly introduce me to this sighing, dying swain; whom Owen declares is the most enchanting creature his eyes ever beheld.

As Louisa was aware that it was impossible to check Mrs. Owen's volubility, as to stop the flowing of the tide, she suffered her to proceed without interruption, until she paused for a reply; when she acknowledged that the depression of her spirits wholly proceeded from the unexpected ab-

sence of her father. Curiosity happened to be a leading feature in this lady's character; and as her fertile mind had formed a most romantic termination of the accident which had occurred, she was impatient to see whether the charms of the *Fair Recluse* (as she generally termed Louisa) had made an impression upon the accomplished stranger's heart.

(To be continued.)

RULES AND MAXIMS

FOR PROMOTING MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

The likeliest way, either to obtain a good husband, or to keep one so, is to be good yourself.

Never use a lover ill whom you design to make your husband, lest he should either upbraid you with it, or return it afterwards; and if you find, at any time, an inclination to play the tyrant, remember these two lines of truth and justice:

Gently shall those be rul'd, who gently sway'd;
Abject shall those obey, who haughty were obeyed.

Battle of the Sexes.

Avoid, both before and after marriage, all thoughts of managing your husband. Never endeavour to deceive or impose on his understanding, nor give him uneasiness, (as some do very foolishly to try his temper;) but treat him always before-hand with sincerity, and afterwards with affection and respect.

Be not over sanguine before marriage, nor promise yourself felicity without alloy; for that is impossible to be attained, in the present state of things. Consider before-hand, that the person you are going to spend your days with, is a man, and not an angel; and if, when you come together, you discover any thing in his humour or behaviour that is not altogether so agreeable as you expect, pass it over as a human frailty; smooth your brow, compose your temper, and try to amend it by cheerfulness and good nature.

Remember always, that whatever misfortunes may happen to either, they are not to be charged to the account of matrimony, but to the accidents and infirmities of human life; a burden which each has engaged to assist the other in supporting, and to which both parties are equally exposed. Therefore instead of murmurs, reflections and disagreement, whereby the weight is rendered abundantly more grievous, readily put your shoulder to the yoke, and make it easier to both.

Resolve every morning, to be cheerful and good-natured that day; and if any accident should happen to break that resolution, suffer it not to put you out of tem-

per with every thing besides, and especially with your husband.

Dispute not with him, be the occasion what it will; but much rather deny yourself the trivial satisfaction of having your own will, or gaining the better of an argument, than risk a quarrel, or create a heart-burning, which it is impossible to know the end of.

Be assured a woman's power, as well as happiness, has no other foundation but her husband's esteem and love; which, consequently, it is her undoubted interest by all means possible to preserve and increase. Do you, therefore, study his temper, and command your own; enjoy his satisfaction with him, share and sooth his cares, and with the utmost diligence conceal his infirmities.

Read frequently, with due attention, the matrimonial service; and take care, in doing so, not to overlook the word OBEY.

In your prayers, be sure to add a clause for grace to make a good wife; and at the same time, resolve to do your utmost endeavours towards it.

Always wear your wedding-ring, for therein lies more virtue than is usually imagined; if you are ruffled unawares, assaulted with improper thoughts, or tempted in any kind against your duty, cast your eyes upon it, and call to mind who gave it you, where it was received, and what passed at the solemn time.

Let the tenderness of your conjugal love be expressed with such decency, delicacy, and prudence, as that it may appear plainly and thoroughly distinct from the designing fondness of a harlot.

Have you any concern for your own ease, or for your husband's esteem? then have a due regard to his income and circumstances, in all your expences and desires; for if necessity should follow, you run the greatest hazard of being deprived of both.

Let not many days pass together, without a serious examination how you have behaved as a wife; and if upon reflexion you find yourself guilty of any foibles or omissions, the best atonement is, to be exactly careful of your future conduct.

THE AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

An Anecdote.

THERE resided in Bourdeaux a a young, rich, and handsome widow, who had for six months incessantly lamented the loss of a husband tenderly beloved. A fatal storm had wrecked the vessel in which he embarked, and every soul on board was supposed to have perished. The young widow, though surrounded by admirers, observed scrupulously the rules of

decorum; at length, however, the persuasions of her friends had effect, and she once more threw open her doors to receive company. Madame St. Amere had one foible, she loved play to excess—and this foible alone threatened to involve her in much subsequent calamity. On the evening of her first fete, a tall graceful figure, masked, followed her, and payed her innumerable silent attentions; to rid herself of his importunities, she sat down to the card table, and was successful for about an hour. The mask, who had fixed himself behind her chair, then solicited the honour of playing with her, which she granted; and renewed the game with fresh spirit, though not with equal good fortune. Madame was piqued at the superior skill of the impertinent mask, and staked to an immense amount; still the stranger was triumphant, and pulling from his pocket a large purse of gold, tauntingly dared her to risk the like amount. Although absolute ruin might have been the consequence of her imprudence, Madame would not recede, but anxiety and vexation marked her features; for some time the game was doubtful; at length the malignant deity decided against her, and the rash widow found her fortune destroyed by one night's folly. Her anguish could not be concealed; she rose abruptly from the card table; when the mask, in an insinuating tone of voice, hinted to her that she need not put herself to any inconvenience to make up this debt of *honour*, as he could wait her leisure, or compromise it *some other way*, with more pleasure to himself, and less embarrassment to her. She darted on him a look of rage and contempt—Who art thou, wretch, she exclaimed, who darest thus to insult me in my own house?—Softly, madame, replied the mask, I am no gambler, nor needy adventurer—there are ladies who would not be ungrateful for such an accommodation.—Madame burst into tears—Good heavens, must I endure this insolence!—quit my house, Sir; and if you are a gentleman, make good your claim to-morrow.—No, madame, I will not quit this house to-night—my claim is on your fortune, or on yourself—and I will make it good, let who will dispute it. With these words, he removed his mask, when madame uttered a shriek of joyful surprise, and fainted in his arms. The company crowded round; they were chiefly relations, who immediately recognized the Chevalier St. Amere. The raptures of Madame may be easily imagined, when, on recovering, her husband informed her that he had been saved from the wreck by a brave sailor, who had taken him into his own ship, which was bound to Peru—that he remained there till a convenient opportunity offered for his return—and having been fortunate enough to amass a considerable portion of wealth, had meditated this agreeable surprise, in the hope of cur-

ing her of a destructive habit, the consequences of which he had long dreaded. Madame embraced him with transport, and assured him she would never again yield to temptations, or continue a practice of which she now saw the madness in glaring colours. Having received the congratulations of their friends, the amusements of the evening, which had been so strangely interrupted, were again renewed; and the adventure was for many months the talk throughout Bourdeaux.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

ANECDOTE OF ADDISON.

Mr. Temple Stanyan, says Dr. Birch, on some exigency, borrowed a sum of money from Addison, with whom he lived on terms of intimacy and friendship, conversing on all subjects with freedom, but from this time he agreed implicitly to every thing Addison advanced, and never, as formerly, disputed his positions. This change of behaviour did not long escape the notice of so acute an observer, to whom it was by no means agreeable. It happened one day that a subject was started on which they had before controverted one another's notions; but now Mr. Stanyan entirely acquiesced in Mr. Addison's opinion, without offering one word in defence of his own. Addison was displeased, and vented his displeasure by saying, with some emotion, "Sir, either contradict me, or pay me my money!"

A country clergyman, who, in the matrimonial lottery, had drawn much worse than a blank, and without the patience of Socrates, had to encounter the turbulent spirit of Xantippe, was interrupted in the middle of a certain lecture, by the arrival of a man and woman, requesting his assistance to introduce them to the blessed state of wedlock. The poor parson, actuated at the moment by his own feelings and particular experience, rather than a sense of canonical duty, opened the book, and began 'Man that is born of woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of trouble,' &c. repeating the funeral service. The astonished bridegroom exclaimed, 'Sir, sir, you mistake! I came here to be married, not to be buried.' 'Well,' replied the clergyman, 'if you insist on it, I am obliged to marry you: but believe me, my friend, you had *better be buried.*'

A certain General, more famous for his love of money than religion, was taken dangerously

sick: during his confinement he was informed that a person who owed him a considerable sum had absconded; this information threw him into a voilent passion; and although apparently about to leave the world, it did not restrain him from dealing out curses on his runaway debtor. In the height of his rage, a friend entered—and seeing him in such a rage, enquired the cause. Why, said he, my estate is ruined—he has run off, and gone to h—ll, I suppose and owes me an hundred dollars, of which I shall never get a farthing. Be not uneasy on that account, said the other, you will probably soon have an opportunity to dun him there.

A Bet singularly Decided.

In the year 1776, a number of the trading inhabitants of Grafton street frequented a grocer s shop and house of refreshment, which was kept at the corner of Exchequer st. Dublin, by one Phillips, who was a man not very fond of entertaining any of his friends, except those who paid for what they called for. A scheme however was devised by two of his *waggish* customers; they told him they had a wager, and asked him if he had any objection to provide a dinner for a party of twelve, and to be paid when the wager should be decided, to which Phillips readily assented, and was invited as a guest, to partake of the entertainment. The party were particularly merry and cheerful upon the occasion, and "*drunk deep ere they parted!*" however, on the following day Phillips inquired the nature of the wager, and felt not a little surprised at being informed, that two of his facetious neighbours who lived in Exchequer street, had laid a wager, that, when St. Patrick's steeple should fall, one said it would be in the Close, the other that it would be into St. Patrick's street. The representative of Phillips has within these few days called upon the son of the man who lost (an eminent taylor in this city) with the memorandum in his book, and demanded payment, which being refused, is now about to be contended for.

Demosthenes stopped one day, in the midst of his discourse, and began to relate this story. "During the heat of summer, a young man had hired an ass to conduct him from Athens to Megara. At noon the young man, to avoid the ardour of the sun, wished to lie down under the shade of the ass; but the owner disputed his right, alledging that he had loaned the ass, and not his shadow. The young man, on the contrary, said, that in loaning the ass, he had also loaned the shadow." Demosthenes here finished his tale, and descended from the rostrum; but the people detained him and demanded with earnestness how the dispute was terminated. "What!

said he, "you hear with avidity frivolous tales, proper to amuse children, and will not listen to me when I speak to you of your own, and your country's interest!

From the Boston Mirror.

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Faithful copies of Letters between

HOPKINS AND WILD,

Prompters to the Monopolizers.

Drury-Lane, Nov. 9th.

DEAR WILD,

For God's sake, lend me a couple of *Conspirators* for to-night—Recollect you have borrowed one of our's for a singing Druid, and another of our best is Doge of Venice, on *Packer's* resignation.

Entirely and devotedly your's,
HOPKINS.

—

Covent Garden, Nov. 9th.

MY DEAR HOPKINS,

I have ordered them to look you out two of our genteelest Assassins, and I'll take care they shall go shaved and sober. Pray tell *Farren* he must play our Archbishop to-morrow: we'll cut the part, that he may dress time enough afterwards for your General in *The Camp*.

Your's perpetually,
WILD.

P. S. If you have a Full Moon to spare, I wish you would lend it us for Thursday. I send you some lightning that I can venture to recommend.

Covent Garden, Nov. 11th

MY DEAR HOPKINS,

Pray how shall we manage without *Smith* to-morrow, we depended on your lending him us for *Harry the fifth*; but now I see you have put him up for *Charles Surface*. Couldn't you let him come to us, and play two acts of *Harry*, as you don't want him in *Charles*, till *your* third? And then *Hull* shall read the rest, with an apology for *Smith's* being suddenly hoarse, sprained his ancle, &c.

Cordially your's,
WILD.

P. S. My Vestal Virgin gets so cursed big, I wish you would lend us *Mrs. Robinson*, for a night.

—

Drury-Lane, Nov. 11th.

DEAR WILD,

By particular desire, our Vestal is not transferable, but we have a spare Venus and duplicate Juno's, so send a hackney-coach for which ever suits you. The scheme for *Smith* wont do—but change your play to any thing; for we'll take *The Camp*, to *The School for Scandal*, to secure you an overflow.

Thoroughly your's,
HOPKINS.

—

Covent Garden, Nov. 12th.

MY DEAR FELLOW,

Here's the devil to do about our Tuesday's Pantomine—the blacksmith can't repair our great Serpent till Friday, and the old Cantel that we thought quite sound, has broke down at rehearsals, so pray

send us your Elephant by the bearer, and a small Tyger, with the longest tail you can pick out. I must trouble you too for a dozen of your best dancing Shepherds for that night; for though I see you'll want them for *Highwaymen* in the *Beggar's Opera*, they'll be quite in time for us afterwards.

Forever completely your's,
WILD.

—

Drury-Lane, Nov. 12th.

DEAR WILD,

I just write a line while the beasts are packing up, to beg you will not be out of spirits, as you may depend on the Shepherds, and any other animals you have occasion for. I have it in orders to acquaint you too, that as we dont use *Henderson* for *Falstaff* on Friday, you may have him for *Richard*, with a dozen and a half of our Soldiers for *Bosworth Field*, only begging you'll return 'em us in time for *Cox-heath*.

Totally your's,
HOPKINS.

Lend me a *Cupid*—mine has got the measles.

—

Covent Garden, Nov. 12th.

DEAR HOPKINS,

Thank you for *Henderson* and Soldiers—The bearer is our Cupid, at a shilling a night, finding his own wings.

Genuinely your's,
WILD.

—

HE that can jest at love has never loved.

By the unhappy excesses of irregular pleasures in youth, how many amiable dispositions are corrupted or destroyed! How many flattering hopes of parents and friends are totally extinguished? Who but must drop a tear over human nature, when he beholds that morning, which rose so bright, overcast with such untimely darkness: that good humor, which once captivated all hearts; that vivacity, which sparkled in every company; those abilities, which were fitted for adorning the highest stations—all sacrificed at the shrine of low sensuality; and one who was formed for running the fair career of life in the midst of public esteem, cut off by his vices, at the beginning of his course: or sunk for the whole of it into insignificancy and contempt? These, Oh, sinful pleasures, are thy trophies! It is thus that co-operating with the foe of God and man, thou degradest human honor, and blasteth the opening prospects of human felicity!

—

An *old man*, who had a *young wife*, of reputed gallantry, inquiring in what part of the body the skin was thickest, received for answer—"undoubtedly in the forehead; for, otherwise, you would already have horns."

—

A young coxcomb demanded of Zeno, who, notwithstanding the

austerity of his manners, had a very sensible heart, if sages permitted themselves to love?—"The women," replied Zeno, "would have cause of regret, if they could command the *homage* of none but *fools*."

PITY.

As blossoms and flowers are strewed upon the earth by the hand of Spring—as the kindness of Summer produceth in perfection the bounties of harvest; so the smiles of pity shed blessings on the children of misfortune.

He that pitieth another, recommendeth himself; but he who is without compassion, deserveth it not.

The butcher relenteth not at the bleeding of the lamb; neither is the heart of the cruel moved with distress.

Shut not thine ear therefore against the cries of the poor; neither harden thine heart against the calamaties of the innocent.

When the fatherless call upon thee, when the widow's heart is sunk, and she implore thy assistance with tears of sorrow; O pity her affliction, and extend thine hand to those that have none to help them.

When thou seest the naked wanderer of the street, shivering with cold, and destitute of habitation; let bounty open thine heart, let the wings of charity shelter him from death, that thine own soul may live.

Whilst the poor man groaneth on the bed of sickness, whilst the unfortunate languish in the horrors of the dungeon, or the hoary head of age lifts up a feeble eye to thee for pity; Oh! how canst thou riot in superfluous enjoyments, regardless of their wants, unfeeling of their woes?

FASHIONABLE FOLLY.

At a certain rout which was given a few weeks ago, two young ladies of fashion exhibited their charms so lavishly luxuriant, that it became a question among the beaux of the drawing-room, which of them, whether Miss ******, or Miss ******, better understood the position of *Brest-harbour*; which of them, in other words, exhibited the greatest knowledge of the subject. The unanimous determination was, that though Miss **** showed *all*, yet Miss ****** showed *more*.

A young sophimore, more notorious for his amours than his attention to the muses courted a fair dame by the name of *Sally Love*. As soon as this came to his provident guardian's ears, he wrote him an affectionate letter, advising him to quit her as soon as he

could with honor, and court an alliance with *Sal-lust.*

SHAKSPEARE.

The readers of Shakspeare do delight in his writings, and their admiration and delight increase in proportion as they study them. His mind was an entire globe of light, which, like the glorious orb of day, illumined the world by unborrowed rays. Truly has Dryden declared, that Shakspeare needed not the spectacle of books to read nature. He looked inwards, and he found her there. There is not a passion nor an emotion, honourable or base....there is not a wish nor a sigh of the heart, which you will not find in his writings, most correctly delineated and most clearly displayed, not only in their general current, but in their particular turnings and windings—not only in their simple, uniform operations, but in their effects when combined and complicated. The truth of his investigations on man, in his relation with society, is so clear and so evident, that it would "glimmer through a blind man's eyes."—They cannot be read without being realized, for they are clothed with circumstances, and embodied by fact and experience.

He, who boldly interposes between a merciless censor and his prey, is a man of vigour; and he who, mildly wise, without wounding, convinces him of his error, commands our veneration.

MARRIED,

On Sunday evening, the 8th inst. by the rev. Holloway W. Hunt, Mr. John Watson Bray, to Miss Mary Grandin, daughter of Dr. Grandin, all of Hunterdon, New Jersey.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. Aaron Sergeant, to Miss Eliza Bogardus, both of this city.

On Saturday evening, the 14th inst. by the rev. Dr. Abeel, Dr. William Hampton, of Hacketts-Town, N. J. to Miss Sarah Bean, of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Miller, Dr. Thomas Cock, of this city, to Miss Elizabeth Ferris, of West Chester.

At Philadelphia, on Thursday evening, the 19th inst. by the rev. Mr. Meyers, Mr. G. Hoyt, Merchant of this city, to Miss Sabina Sheaff, daughter of Henry Sheaff, Esq. Merchant of that city.

At Jamaica, L. I. the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Fairtout, Henry White, of Boston, to Miss Ann Stanton, grandaughter of Jacob Wilkins, Esq. of this city.

At Wilmington, N. C. Captain James T. Gibson, of the British schooner Dolphin, to Mrs. Eleanor Creighton.

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Our City Inspector reports the death of 37 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.

EVERY MAN A THIEF BY NATURE.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

LISTEN to me, dearest creature;
Every man's a thief by nature;
See the little girls and boys,
How they steal each other's toys;
Stealing is the first of arts,
None are thieves but men of parts.
Poets steal from one another,
Nay, the daughter robs the mother;
Time will steal our very youth,
Liars sometimes steal the truth;
Nay, your sex would pilfer you
Of those eyes of heav'nly blue,
Of that soft envermil'd lip,
And that ear with rosy tip;
And your silky auburn hair,
That wantons in th' enamour'd air.

Since we are such thieves by nature,
Why accuse me, dearest creature,
Of a crime, a crime so glorious;
Is your swain at last victorious?
Have I really stole your heart,
Spite of all your pride and art?
If you pardon the transgression,
You shan't lose by the confession;
You shall find your heart at rest,
In your lover's faithful breast;
How I'll guard the precious treasure,
Love's the source of ev'ry pleasure;
You can prove it, if you doubt it,
Life, indeed, is nought without it.

EXTRACT FROM "THE WORLD,"

Somewhat as performed at the

New Theatre.

Cheviot—Come "Social," give our banners to the breeze,
Sound war's clarion! beat the marshal drum!
And boldly shout; "we fight for injured Spain."

Myr'ads would join, the Spanish patriots cause,
And from these troops, I'll choose a noble corps,
Whose *Swords*, are *temper'd*, in the blood of foes,
Whose *hearts*, like mine, are *temper'd* too by love;

Spread, spread, the impatient sail, we'll reach that shore,
Where Freedom struggling waits for proffer'd aid;
Then, thro' a glitt'ring barride of steel,
Thro' clouds of smoak, thro' flames of fire, we'll hunt
Th' Ambitious despot, and at his tyrant
Heart, will aim a blow, that sends him tot'ring,
Bleeding, foaming,—and dying to the ground;

Freedom again, shall *Empress* reign on earth,
And ruthless, *Death*, retire to gasp unnerv'd,
And *Mis'ry*, with her num'rous progeny,
Be sentenc'd ever, to the shades below;

Come smiling *Peace*, in sport your olive wave,
Vice, shall alone, the object be of hate,
Who dare be virt'ous, will be truly brave,
The truly good, will be the only great.

CHEVIOT.

A WINTER SONG.

One night when as usual we foresters met,
And with honest October were just getting wet,
There came an old goblin so grim and so grey,
That alarm'd at the sight we were hast-'ning away.

All shivering and chattering with cold he appear'd,
Whilst the icicles rattled that hung on his beard;
There was no need the name of our guest to inquire,
We all cried—"'Tis WINTER, so stir up the fire."

Then thus spoke the sprite, and his breath blew so chill
That our ale seem'd to freeze, ere a glass we could fill;
"I am he, O ye mortals, whose coming ye dread,
"Break up your carousals and hasten to bed.

"Do but hear the storms howl, that attend in my train,
"How sharp drives the hail, and how wild beats the rain;
"And see how the snow falls, and hearken that sigh
"Which the cold biting wind breathes along the north sky.

"O'er nature in triumph I now hold my Court,
"Such times as these surely were not made for sport:
"Then be sad as the season while with you I stay,
"And let no joy be seen from November to May."

"Not so ancient monarch," we all cried at once,
"You shall join in our glee, or we'll break your old sconce,
"Mend the fire, fill your pitchers, let laughter go round,
"With a flaggon of stingo our guest shall be crown'd.

"The louder his storms blew—the louder our mirth;
"He shall hear all our jokes, while we sit round the hearth,
"Thus we'll welcome dark winter as long as he stays,
"Till his old frosty face shall look bright as the blaze."

By degrees he grew merry, but still he kept sober,
Until we had quaff'd our twelfth jug of October,
Then reeling he roars out—"My harties well done!
"Be my season henceforward the season for Fun."

EPIGRAM.

Cries Dr. Slop, elated with his skill,
My patient, Tom, observes, I never kill,
In twice ten hours, so quick I cur'd his gout,
The Alderman was able to *get out.*
That's true, quoth Tom, let our opponents rave,
I myself met him—*going*—to his *grave.*

TERMS OF THE MISCELLANY.

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